

BABY'S GOT HER BLUE JEANS ON

(Honky Tonk piano)

Intro: 4 measures

Down on the corner, by the traffic light,
Everybody's looking, as she goes by,
They turn their heads and they watch her till she's gone,
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on

Up by the bus stop, (oooh oooh) and across the street, (oooh oooh)
Open up their windows, (oooh oooh) to take a peek,
While she goes walkin', rockin' like a rollin' stone, (oooh oooh)
Heaven help us, baby's got her blue jeans on (oooh oooh)

She can't help it if she's made that way, (aah)
She's not to blame if they look her way, (aah)
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene, (aah)
It just comes naturally; (aah) **(stop)** Lord the girl can't help it

Well up on main street, (oooh oooh) by the taxi stand, (oooh oooh)
There's a crowd of people, (oooh oooh) and a traffic jam,
She don't look like, she ain't doin' nothin' wrong, (oooh oooh)
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on (oooh oooh)

She can't help it if she's made that way, (aah)
She's not to blame if they look her way, (aah)
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene, (aah)
It just comes naturally; (aah) **(stop)** Lord the girl can't help it

Down on the corner, (oooh oooh) by the traffic light, (oooh oooh)
Everybody's looking, (oooh oooh) as she goes by,
They turn their heads and they watch her till she's gone, (oooh oooh)
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on (oooh oooh)
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on (oooh oooh)
(oooh oooh) (oooh oooh)